But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more then shame to shame it so?
Land-lord of England art thou now not, nor King,
Thy state of law is bond-slaue to the law,
And thou.

King. Ah lunatick leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chasing the Royall blood
With furie from his natiue residence.
Now by my Seates right Royall maiestie
Wert thou not Brother to great *Edwards* sonne,
This tongue that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh spare me not my brother *Edwards* sonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* sonne:
That blood already, like the Pellican,
Hast thou tapt and drunkenly carowst:
My Brother *Glocester*, plaine well meaning soule,
Whom-faire befall in heauen mongst happy soules,
May be a president and witnesse good,
That thou respect'st not spilling *Edwards* blood.
Ioyne with the present sicknesse that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Liue in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:
These words hereafter, thy tormentors be:
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King. And let them die, that age and sullens haue,
For both hast thou, and both become the graue.

Yorke. I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words
To wayward sicklinesse and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere,
As *Harry* Duke of Herford, were he heere.

King. Right, you say true; as *Herfords* loue, so his:
As theirs, so mine, and be as it is.

× enter Northumberland

North. My Liege, old
King. What sayes hee?
North. Nothing, all is sa
His tongue is now a stringl
Words, life, and all, old L
Yorke. Be *Yorke* the nex
Though Death be poore,
King. The ripest Fruite
His time is spent, our pilg
So much for that. Now f
We must supplant those r
Which liue like venome, w
But onely they, haue priui
And for these great affayr
Towards our assistance we
The Plate, Coyne, Reuen
Whereof our Vncle *Gau*
Yorke. How long shall
Shall tender duetie make n
Not Glocesters death, no
Nor Gaunts rebukes, nor
Nor the preuention of po
About his marriage, nor n
Haue euer made me sower
Or bend one wrinckle on
I am the last of the noble
Of whom thy Father Prin
In Warre, was neuer Lion
In Peace, was neuer gentl
Then was that young and
His face thou hast, for eu
Accomplisht with a numb
But when he frowned, it w
And not against his Frie
Did winne what he did sp
Which his triumphant F
His hands were guiltie of
But bloody with the enem